

A QUESTION

If as I raised my head
The present turned aside
And turning disappeared
And with the glimpse of you
A wild conviction grew
And made the time absurd,

Would I in confidence
Lay down my commonsense
As one lays down a pen,
And rising from my desk
Confront a door through which
To slip from now to then?

And though we chose our lot
And pulled ourselves apart
And pulled the present shut,
Would I renounce my choice
Step through (now I'd the chance)
The unlocked door; go out?

Or would I ask how far
It is to where you are,
How real is what is gone,
And ask myself before
I dared to push the door,
Can one get back again?

Lawrence Lerner